

Washington Dining Hall.

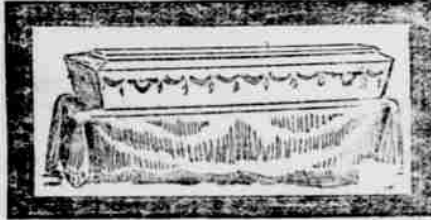
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THE MAZEPPAS OF TEXAS.

Thrilling Story of a Wild Ride Over the
Plains on a Buffalo.

The recent death of Mrs. Molly Barison, at Rio Grande City, Texas, will cause all old Texans to recall one of the most horrible pieces of cruelty ever perpetrated by the Comanche Indians.

In 1835, the Comanches settled on one of the Yeguas about thirty miles west of old Washington, on the Brazos. He had a large family of boys and girls and the old settlers had frequently warned him that he was exposing them to great danger by locating so far out on the frontier. The old gentleman had built a strong log house with plenty of portholes and doors and windows that could be securely barred. He had several sons old enough to handle a rifle, and five or six negro men who could be depended upon to fight for old "maassas's" family. Although the Comanches raided the settlement nearly every full moon, they had never disturbed Capt. Menefee's house, and he began to feel pretty safe. His daughter, Molly, was quite a belle on the frontier, and she had many suitors for her hand. In the fall of 1836 she became engaged to a young man by the name of Eugene Barison.

Providence had crowded into young Barison's short life almost as many adventures and narrow escapes as a dime novelist would accord to his favorite hero. When a boy about 15 years of age he had been captured by the Comanches and adopted into the family of a famous old chief by the name of Lame Wolf. The old savage appeared to think a great deal of his white son, often declaring he would make a good Comanche and a big chief out of him. Barison stayed with the Indians three years before he found an opportunity to escape. After this knowledge of the habits of the Indians, his familiarity with their language and his desperate courage, made his services very valuable to the people of the frontier. Upon several occasions the Texans were indebted for the ad-

open prairie. They were saying to each other: "We might escape yet," when a new and fearful danger startled them. Some of the arrows had wounded the bull, and he was leaving a trail of blood behind him. A pack of hungry wolves had struck this trail, and they were in hot pursuit of the animal. The bull evidently heard the wolves, and although weakened from his burdens and the loss of blood, he struggled hard to increase his speed.

Very soon the wolves were in sight, and Barison, whose face was toward them, said that he thought that there was a thousand of them. They were gnashing their teeth and yelping, as if certain of their prey. Never were two human beings in a more perilous situation. They were bound hand and foot, and it looked as if the hungry pack would soon be upon them. The bull turned as if to challenge his enemies, but when he saw that the prairie swarmed with them, he evidently saw that his only hope of safety lay in flight. The pack soon swarmed around the animal, gnashing their teeth and snapping at his legs. Barison struggled at the throng that bound him with all his strength, but a giant could not have broken the rawhide. Some of the wolves ran ahead of the bull and snapped at his nose. He caught one of the on his horns and hurled him in the air. The wolf fell, snapping and snarling on the animals back, between the captives. Others fastened their teeth in the bull's flanks, while the old monster lobo had seized the young girl's dress and was hanging by the bull's side. Countless packs were howling over the hills and swarming across the prairie to join in the pursuit. It was evident to the captives that the bull was growing weaker, and they had about given themselves up for lost when the young girl's attention was attracted by a shadow something moving across the prairie, and she joyfully exclaimed, "I believe I see a column of horsemen." Her eyes had not deceived her. Her father, in command of a company of Texans, was in pursuit of the Indians. The moon was just rising above the horizon in a cloudless sky, and the Texans, who had been listening to the howling of the wolves for some time, saw the buffalo at about the same instant as the girl espied the column of horsemen. The buffalo was nearly exhausted and barely able to move in a slow lope, when the Texans set out in pursuit of him. The horsemen easily



"BARISON STRUGGLED AT THE THINGS THAT BOUND HIM, BUT A GIANT COULD NOT HAVE BROKEN THE RAWHIDE CORDS."

vantages they gained over the red warriors to young Barison's knowledge of the geography of the country and his skill in following the trail. Lame Wolf found an opportunity to send the boy word that he had given orders to his people to take him alive. He indicated that Mr. Barison was devoid of gratitude, and said that he intended to cure him of his sin by flaying him alive and burning him a whole day. Lame Wolf had a daughter who was in love with young Barison, and it is possible that a woman's jealousy and spite had much to do with the terrible cruelties to which the young man and Miss Menefee were afterward subjected. It seems that the Indians, and especially the family of Lame Wolf, kept well posted as to the affairs of young Barison. At any rate, they knew that he was to be married on a certain day, and about that time they made a raid on the frontier in greater force than usual.

The guests were assembled at the house of Capt. Menefee to celebrate the marriage feast when the alarm was sounded that Indians were in the neighborhood. The sky was already lit up at several different points by the flames from burning dwellings. It was known that there were many families in the neighborhood entirely defenseless, and it was hastily determined that young Barison, with ten or twelve men, should set out at once to gather all the people that he could and bring them to Capt. Menefee's house. They had hardly mounted before a volley of bullets and a shower of arrows fell upon them, and half of their saddles were emptied. The attack was followed by the usual war whoop of the Comanches and the wedding guests realized that the house was surrounded by Indians. They might easily have withstood the siege until help could have reached them, but it had been an unusually dry season and everything was in a condition to burn like powder. The savages set fire to the barn and some hay stacks near it. The flames almost instantly reached the negro quarters. The Indians rained bullets and arrows against the dwelling and kept up such a series of wild yells that the white people concluded that they were attacked by the whole tribe of Comanches. Women and children were screaming, and in the uproar and confusion hopeless despair seemed to have seized the stoutest hearts. Barison and a few others

galloped amongst the pack of wolves, and then for the first time they noticed that there was something on the wild bull's back. Both Barison and the girl shouted to the Texans not to shoot. The horsemen were much astonished. Capt. Menefee recognized the voice of his daughter, and he at once reached a correct conclusion. "The red devils," he said, "have tied their prisoners to the back of that buffalo." The Texans galloped around the bull and easily dropped a rope over his neck. They soon strung the animal out on the prairie and cut the captives loose. Barison was no sooner on his feet than he expressed himself as anxious to set out and attack old Lame Wolf's village. The young girl, eager to be avenged upon her cruel and merciless captors, declared that she would accompany her friends. By hard riding the Texans reached the vicinity of Lame Wolf's camp and charged in the village just at daylight, firing right and left. Barison shot old Lame Wolf in the mouth at the door of his tepee. Miss Menefee rode in the column by the side of her lover and fired as often as any of her friends. After returning to the settlement on the Yegua wedding guests once more assembled, and the lovers who had experienced such horrible cruelties at the hands of the Comanches, pledged their faith to fight the battle of life together. There were a great many people at that famous wedding—nearly everyone within a hundred miles having been invited—and of all that crowd of daring men and fearless women only one is living today to tell the story of brave Barison and his sweetheart's wild ride on the back of a buffalo bull, pursued by a pack of howling wolves.

BRAZOS,
In the Globe-Democrat.

On the outside—that is the best place to keep the huge, old-fashioned pill, just as soon as you get it inside, it begins to trouble you. What's the use of suffering with it, when you can get more help from Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets? These tiny, sugar-coated granules do you permanent good. They act mildly and naturally, and there is no reaction afterward. Constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and permanently cured.

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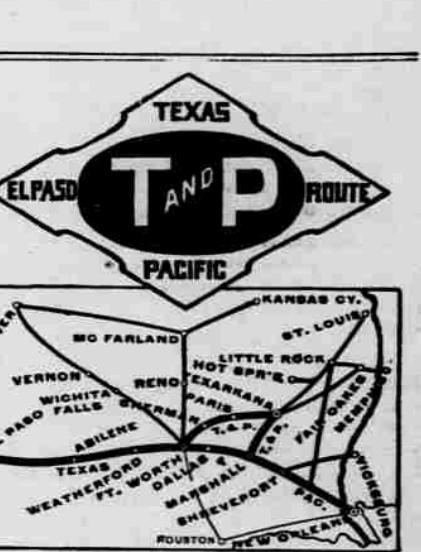
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TWO stores with large light basements in new Mills building, opposite plaza.
THREE houses on South Campbell street, four rooms each, \$15.
TWO basements, 1108 and 1110, San Antonio street, \$8 each.
HOUSE No. 313, Texas street, nine rooms, \$35.
HOUSE 618, Myrtle street, \$25.
ON September 1, house 317, Magoffin avenue, \$20.
OFFICES and rooms in Sheldon block.
FRAME house, corner of East Overland and Florence street, \$17.

FOR SALE

FIVE lots on Mesa avenue, for \$700.
THREE and one-third lots on North Kansas street, \$600.
130 feet on Campbell street, corner of Texas.
94 feet on Saint Louis street, near Pierson hotel.
HOUSE No. 214, South Campbell street, \$1,500; part cash.
HOUSE No. 111, South Florence street, small cash payment, balance monthly instalments.
HOUSE No. 311, Texas street, six rooms, for \$2,100; \$500 cash, balance in quarterly payments.
RANCH 350 acres, near Yuleta, good house and stable, 60 acres in alfalfa, \$10 per acre.
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Notice for Sealed Bids.
The Territorial Fair association offers for sale the following privileges:
One bar privilege.
One soda water, lemonade and ice cream privilege.
One candy, nut and cake privilege.
One popcorn privilege.
One cigar, cigarette and tobacco privilege.
One restaurant privilege.
One pool (not including book-making) privilege.
One check stand for bicycles privilege.
All bicycles taken onto the ground, except those used in the races, will have to be checked.
One shooting gallery privilege.
One merry-go-round privilege.
The association will receive sealed bids for any or all the above privileges to sell on the grounds during the week of the Territorial fair to be held at Albuquerque, N. M., beginning September 13 and ending September 18, 1897.
The above privileges are exclusive, except the bar, which will be allowed to sell cigars and cigarettes and all kinds of drinks usually sold over a bar. Bids will be opened August 28, 1897, at 2 o'clock p. m.
The association reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
As an evidence of good faith a check for 25 per cent of the price offered must accompany the bid, which will be returned if the bid is not accepted.
Address all bids to J. E. Saint, Secretary, Albuquerque, N. M., plainly marked on envelope, "Sealed bid."
C. F. MYERS, President,
J. E. SAINT, Secretary.